Where I do kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my ſoule.
Yorke. Henry of Lancaſter reſigne thy Crowne.
What mutter you? Or what conſpire you Lords?
War. Do right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
Enter Soldiers.
And ouer the Chaire of ſtate where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with thy vſurping blood.
King. O *Warwicke*, heare me ſpeake:
Let me but reigne in quiet while I liue.
Yorke. Confirme the crowne to me, and to mine heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet whilſt thou liu'ſt.
King. Conuey the ſouldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captaine conduct them into *Tuthill* fields.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your ſon?
War. VVhat good is this for England and himſelfe?
North. Baſe, fearfull, and deſpairing Henry.
Clif. How haſt thou wronged both thy ſelfe and vs?
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
Clif. Nor I, Come coſen lets go tell the Queene. *Exit.*
North. Be thou a prey vnto the houſe of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkindly deede. *Exit*
Clif. In dreadfull war mayſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and deſpiſd. *Exit.*
Exet. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeelde my Lord.
King. Ah Exeter?
War. VVhy ſhould you ſigh my Lord?
King. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my ſonne,
VVhom I vnnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it as it may. I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heyres, conditionally,
That heere thou take an oath,
To ceaſe theſe ciuill broyles, and whilſt I liue
To honor me as thy King and Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willingly take, and will performe.

War.

War. Long liue King *Henry*
King. And long liue thou, a
Yorke. Now Yorke and Lan
Exet. Accurſt be he that ſe
Sound Tru
Yorke. My Lord, Ile take m
For Ile to *Wakefield*, to my Ca

War. And ile keepe London
Norf. And ile to Norfolke v
Mont. and I to the ſea from

Enter the Qu
Exet. My Lord, heere come
King. And ſo will I.
Queene. Nay ſtay, or elſe Ile f
King. Be patient gentle Que
Queen. What patience can t
Thou haſt vndone thy ſelfe, th
and giuen our rights vnto the
art thou a King, and wilt be fo
Had I bene there, the ſouldiers
Me on their launces points, bef
Granted to their wils. The Du
Protector of the Land: Sterne
Commands the narrow ſeas: a
To ſleepe ſecure? I heere diuo
From thy bed, vntill that acte o
Be recald, wherein thou yeeldeſ
The Northerne Lords that hau
Will follow mine, if once they
and ſpread they ſhall vnto thy
Come ſonne, lets away, and lea
King. Stay gentle *Margaret*, a
Qu. Thou haſt ſpoke too muc
King. Gentle ſonne *Edward*, v
Queen. I, to be murdered by

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